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Judge

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THE WEAKENING OF THE PROPS.

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

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CRY OF THE SMALL BOY—"Birdie wants a cracker."

AS AN ADEPT in foolishness Adjutant-general Drum can't be beat.

IN THE SUFFERINGS of Our Fritz the heir apparent is father to the aged emperor.

IF ANY MAN tears down a battle-flag paralyze him on the spot.—*Lucius Fairchild.*

THE THISTLE REMINDS us of the garish day. You can never tell what it is going to bring forth.

TO THE ORATOR OF THE DAY—Be careful not to shoot off your mouth. Leave that for the boys.

WE MUST CELEBRATE mildly. Let us consider the feelings of our Canadian neighbors.—*T. F. Bayard.*

WE DON'T WANT TO FIGHT; but, by jingo! if we do, we must have a decent army and a considerable navy too.

SPEAKING OF THE RECORDS of the district attorney's office, we fear Rollin Squire has been stricken from time's dial.

MR. HEWITT WOULD BE pre-eminent for his ability as a letter-writer but for his fecundity as a proclamator of persecution.

IT IS SO FORTUNATE that Mr. Cody is here. We feel now that ma's jubilee lacks nothing to make it complete.—*The Waleses.*

THE QUEEN having partially recovered from the jubilee, it is hoped that the people of Ireland will eventually recover from the queen.

ORATION OF THE DAY by Tecumseh Sherman—"Blank the newspapers! Send me a reporter, that I may organize myself into a court-martial and hang him at sunrise."

A GREAT TRUTH—This continent belongs to Brother Jonathan, but he doesn't want the outlying portions of it until he has the time and ability to take proper care of them.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE not to recall the fisheries question in connection with the Fourth; but perhaps it had better be given the mild importance of a passing reflection.

IF ANY TEXAN crosses the border on the Fourth it will be well to shoot him off-hand with a champagne-cork, taking care to hit him in his ignorance, where he carries his brains.

THE CZAR AND KALAKAUA having given themselves simultaneously up to drink, there is a frightful scarcity of the better intoxicants in both Russia and the Sandwich islands.

NOBODY KNOWS what Mr. Dana has gone to Europe for; but we suspect he will be disappointed to discover that Joseph Pulitzer rather hastily started for home on the day of his arrival.

WE READ WITH profound solicitude that the Bulgarian throne still has no occupant; but on second thought there has been more peace since the vacancy than before it occurred.

"HAVE WE A PARTY?" asks the Louisville *Courier-Journal.* Undoubtedly; but don't take on about it. It isn't your fault, and besides there are those who think it is really a necessary evil.

MRS. CLEVELAND WAS one of the girls at her old school recently, and especially requested that she be treated as such. This was wise at the same time that it was not exactly sincere; for the other girls protested that she altogether failed to slide down the bannisters or send off the first surreptitious letter.

INDEFINITE.

ENQUIRER—"Can you tell me who these premises belong to?"

POLICEMAN (*who has been reading Progress and Poverty*)—"You an' me, sor, av we had our roights, but jist at prisint hild in thrust fer us be John Jacib Asthure."

A COLORADO FARMER who came here, blew out the gas and died, was, according to his widow, in search of somebody who was interested in him. Well, poor old boy! he has succeeded admirably.

"IF LINCOLN IS NOMINATED," says the Troy *Times*, "he will sweep the country like a whirlwind." Well, if that is so let us by all means have somebody else. The country has had too much of this devastation.

LET US BE PRACTICAL.

Mrs. Wilcox says that six wild colts of poems occasionally go prancing over the meadows of her soul. There is too much of this exercising. We dare say that if Mrs. Wilcox were to be charged two cents a yard too much for ribbon she would go right back to the person guilty of it, shake her small fist in his countenance, and prance over the meadows of his soul till he wouldn't have any verdure left. But six colts—and wild ones at that! It is an untruthful statement and it is impossible to prove the half of it.

WE MAY BELIEVE that presently water will cease to run down hill, but the story that Chauncey M. Depew will make no more after-dinner speeches is virtually an assumption that there are to be no more dinners.

FRANK HATTON HAS sold his Chicago *Mail*, whose main purpose it was to whack Mr. Blaine, and will do his mugwumping in private until somebody gives him another office. Poor boy! the world doesn't half appreciate him.

SHE HAS GONE.

We shall miss the tearing terror of Sara Bernhardt. We shall miss her smile of love and her expression of trust and confidence. We shall regret the absence of that thin countenance on whose surface appeared more of the counterfeited soul than anybody but Salvini has succeeded in picturing. We shall miss that magnificently cultured voice, those secluded eyes, those conspicuous teeth, that serpentine twist of body, and the tiger too. But our loss will be her gain. She takes about half a million in clear profits with her; and have we not Clara Morris and her regular prescriptions left?

SURELY THE MUGWUMPS did not complain of the president's order to return the battle-flags. It was in strict accordance with their doctrine that it is wise to win a victory for the purpose of giving back to the whipped party the fruits and emblems of it.

IT IS A QUESTION whether the New York *Times* or William E. Chandler usurped the privileges of the electoral college of 1876–'77; and presently there will doubtless be revived the dear old question whether Mr. Tilden had to have his food cut for him.

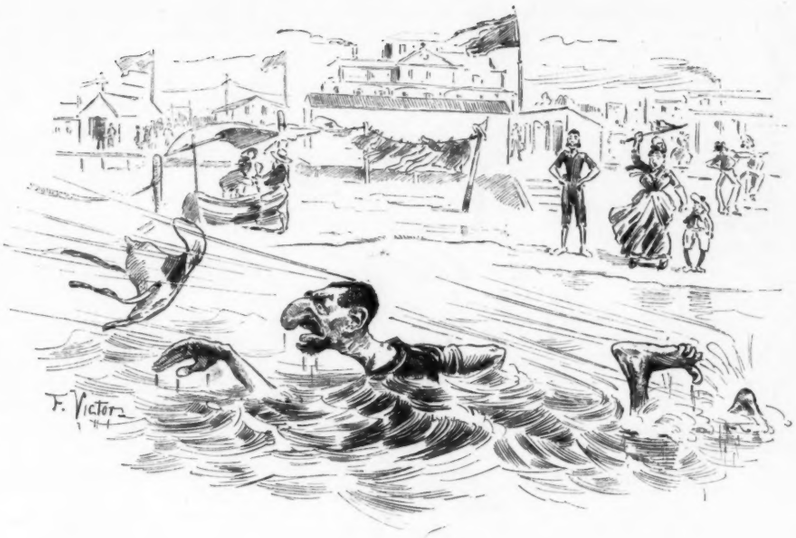
THE CHANGES OF THIS WORLD.

Jacob Sharp must have had peculiar feelings when he put his foot in the apartments in Ludlow street jail formerly occupied by William M. Tweed and Ferdinand Ward; but hardly as peculiar as those of William when he died there, and those of Ferdinand when he left there for Sing Sing prison. This is peculiarly a country given to ups and downs. To-day we are rich and virtuous and to-morrow poor and in the depth of humiliation. Still, the man who behaves himself manages to get along pretty well. He holds his own perhaps for the reason that he doesn't yearn to hold any of that of the rest of us.

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

Your Uncle Samuel doesn't claim at this stage of his career that he can whip all creation. His is now the silent strength that vaunts itself only when it is time to fight; and he is that decorous in his relations with other nations that he refrains from taunt and dresses his communications to them in the garb of courtesy and good will, however unjustly he may imagine they have treated him. The blazing eye, the search for offence, the thin skin, the sensitiveness that produces discomfort and provokes retaliation, the cock-of-the-walk strut and the general air of defiance which formerly characterized him have disappeared and left him a great deal better man.

Doubtless there will be the usual hideous noises on this Fourth, and the small boy will blow himself to pieces after the manner of juvenile patriotism; but your Uncle Samuel will quietly smoke his cigar on the back verandah and take his afternoon nap as he does on the other days of the year.



A HARD NOSE TO MANAGE.

MRS. OPPENBERGER (*from the shore*)—"Gom the landt on now, Louie. You vas ged coldt."
MR. OPPENBERGER—"Vait till der vind shtobs plowin' a leedle, so I vork dot jib roundt."

MANY HAPPY RETURNS.

A war map of the queen and the prince consort and their descendants appears in the *Graphic*. It seems to be the drum-beat that is heard around the world, and likewise the extended territory on which the sun never sets. Looking at these hundred faces, old and young, wrinkled, and again as round and fair as the white and blush of a young apple, there is an inevitable reflection as to the cost of them to the humble people whose ambition rises no higher than the payment of their taxes; but on the other hand there is the melancholy reflection that a barren queen is as destined to unpopularity as the unconfined article of water is destined to run down hill. Her majesty has a right to her jubilee. It is great to have so large a family. It is indubitable proof of royal blood. Yet it is sad to reflect that the virtue of the queen in this respect is misfortune in Ireland, where the larger the family the greater the poverty and suffering. If the jubilee were to bring about some measure of justice for Ireland as well as all glory for the queen? Well, that is an unpleasant subject, and we must not interrupt the festivities.

THE GREAT PURPOSE of strong drink is to have a man get the ecstacy of intoxication and at the same time appear sober to the persons about him. There was only one man who habitually succeeded in it, and he died of a bad carbuncle a hundred years ago.

IT WAS DRUM AND THE WEATHER.

The Albany *Argus* says the whole blame of the battle-flag business rests on Drum. Now, while Drum has pretty broad shoulders, it is hardly fair to load him to death. We have no doubt, for our part, that the weather had something to do with it. The day on which this order was given was peculiarly exasperating. It had been preceded by high winds and a cold night, and it was itself soaked with a thin, drizzling rain lasting from the beginning to the end of it. The president was in consequence suffering from a severe cold, and likewise from a little tiff he had had with Daniel as to the best method of removing warts. We cannot acquit Drum, but it really must have been the weather too.

HOW MR. BLAINE SUFFERED AND GREW STRONG.

"What is the matter, dear?" said Mrs. Blaine to James G. as that gentleman leaned over the taffrail and gazed with contemplative regret at the shadow of the jib-boom in the water. "I do not know exactly," was the reply, "but it has the heaviness of the Missouri compromise. I said years ago—But never mind. Forgive me if I seem rude, but pray do not interrupt me."

The latter part of the remarks was given with much rapidity of utterance, as if Mr. Blaine feared he would interrupt himself and wanted to be courteous previous thereto. After several moments of very powerful exercises Mr. Blaine paused and said, "It was worse. I declare I think it must have been Mr. Bayard's brutal and totally reprehensible foreign policy. Pray do not think me presuming, but—Amelia! hold-my-hat."

The utterance was impressive and given in the tone of command. "I am not sensitive," said Mrs. Blaine after a short pause, during which Mr. Blaine was greatly exercised; "but I do not like that tone of voice. Still you are excusable. It was dreadful. I imagine it must have been Mr. Cleveland's veto of the dependent pensions bill, with the addition of some remarks of Senator Ingalls on the question of negro suffrage."

Thereupon Mr. Blaine remarked "Merciful heaven!" in a hasty and agitated way and ejected nothing further in the shape of words for five minutes. "My child," he said presently, "telegraph back to Augusta, Me., that I am no more. There can't be anything left worth saving. Still"—he paused irresolutely and then remarked with great haste—"still-by-jingo-it-appears-there-is!"

There was a long pause interrupted by noises as of frequent hiccoughs, suppressed sobs, and large, fat sighs. Then Mr. Blaine said, with staring eyes and every indication of extreme astonishment, "Hah! By heavens, the Rev. Dr. Burchard!"

"You ought to feel better now," remarked Mrs. Blaine. "I knew just as soon as you began to look pale that you were not well. You have had too much mental distress."

"Don't disturb me!" suddenly exclaimed Mr. Blaine with great vehemence. "This is the end of the world, including the Green mountains and a large section of the labor party of Henry George! Ah! If-there-is-anything-left have-it-embalmed!"

Ten minutes elapsed and then Mr. Blaine, wan, sad-eyed and with an expression of deep disgust and indignation, turned upon the companion of his grief and shrieked, "Do you know what that was, madame?"

"St. George and the dragon?" remarked Mrs. Blaine with much doubt, a look of intense horror and a large interrogation-point in each eye.

"No, madame, no!" shrieked Mr. Blaine, pointing to the wide waste of heaving billows below; "that was Senator Edmunds of Vermont."

LEVEL-HEADED.

MRS. KILKILLEN—"Go achrost the shtrate, yez tarrier! Shure yez ain't as shmart as the shnake in the garden of Aden, so yez ain't."

VERY CONSIDERATE.

HOSTESS—"Now, Mr. de Cadmian, what is your candid opinion of this painting by Mr. Squeezer? You know it is a very costly picture."

MR. DE C.—"Excuse me, madam. I like never of a brother artist's painting to speak bad."

HUM OF THE COURT.

Dan Rice marrying a rich Texas widow at the age of 73, shows that the various accounts as to his dilapidation are untrue. He never did a better joke than that in all his life.

"Does it pay to be honest?" asks an exchange. Always—always; unless indeed you happen to live in New Jersey.

A recent two-column article on Daniel Lamont appears to show that m Mr. Cleveland Daniel has the best private secretary in the world.

CONSISTENCY.

hen with her love she'd blush if he
Perchanced to see her hose;
But when she's bathing in the sea
Her limb to all she shows.

Garfield county, Col., has 1100 unmarried men and only 28 unmarried women, and yet the unbeliever says there is no hell.

You must never say that a man has just one idea. It is unfair. The man thus accredited is really incapable of any idea at all.

Mr. Jack Shaw of Shenandoah, Pa., who has gone coatless ever since Blaine was defeated, is evidently guilty of fraud as to the last half of his name.

They are talking of calcined oyster-shells for cancer; and give us the unembossed interior of the same for any internal disorder that may be troublesome.

When James Blaine had been twenty-four hours at sea he said he felt as if he had perused a Democratic morning newspaper and wanted to disgorge its contents.

Mr. Haggard in saying that the human mind never thinks a new thought gives indubitable evidence that he is addicted to an occasional reading of the London *Times*.

Mrs. James Brown Potter has been photographed in 140 attitudes, and it will be strange indeed if she succeeds in not one of them. If, however, she doesn't she must be photographed in 140 more.

The Norristown *Herald* holds that a man who is right on the battle-ground knows less about the battle than the man a thousand miles away. The inference is, we suppose, that the first man has been shot.

They don't sell liquor in Detroit on Sunday, and yet on that day recently the editor of the *Free Press* counted 1,200 saloons that were open at the side like a comic-opera gown. He must have taken a great many and they must have inflamed his imagination, his vision and his arithmetic.

"How little recks it where men should die!" exclaims a poet. There is only one possible reform as to this matter, and that lies in the proposition that men mustn't die at all.

The czar frequently occupies two or three or four beds in a single night. What a world of inconvenient luxury this would suggest but for the fact that he does it to foil the nihilists.

The Albany *Argus* finds after investigation that Mrs. Shaw, who whistles, is an exceedingly beautiful lady. That is a kind of music that many admire, and we do not wonder at Mrs. Shaw's success.

A Montana paper tells of a dying woman who disfigured the face of her husband with a hatchet lest he should marry again. It is a good story, and the hatchet employed in it is evidence of its sacred truth.

The Brooklyn father who turned his daughter out of doors in her night clothes evidently perpetrated justice. Having some of his blood in her veins, the poor child must inevitably have been extremely bad.

The statue to Nathan Hale suggests some lively war articles of a new kind for the *Century* magazine; and it seems to us that the struggles discussed by the Hon. John Bunyan have not been sufficiently presented.

B. F. Butler says the country has no right to call upon him for further service. As a general thing B. F. has managed to call upon himself for that sort of favor, and the sooner he finds himself out the better the country will be pleased.

Robert J. Burdette makes a prohibionist say, "If you can't prohibit murder I'm opposed to punishing it. Prohibition or nothing say I!" That is such a good presentation of prohibition logic that we half suspect Robert of taking his drinks behind the door too.

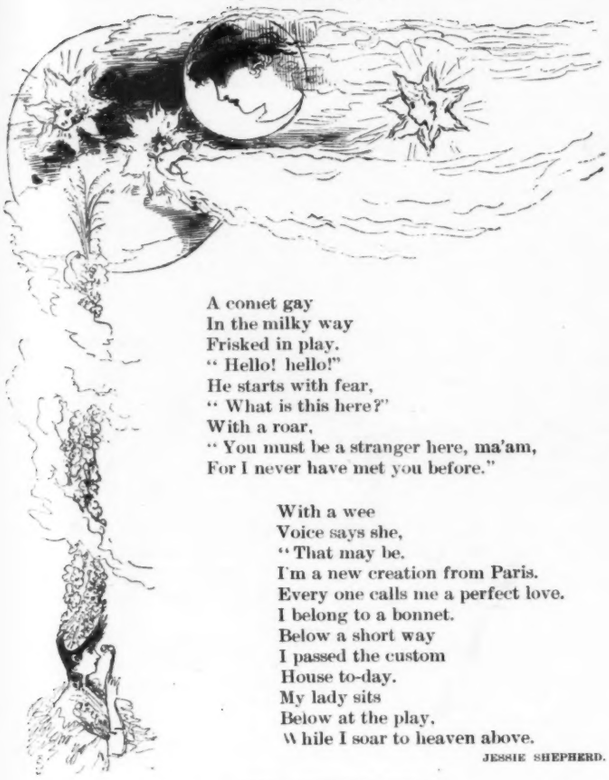
The throat difficulty of the crown prince of Germany is so bad that it is thought he will never be able to speak above a whisper. That is sad indeed; but it will save him so many mistakes—particularly if he is likewise unable to write above a whisper—that he ought to be quite happy.

A Canada landlord who was hanged for killing a tenant sang a hymn just before he died; but it is believed that he will insist just the same, if he is a tenant over there, on having the walls of his mansion newly papered, the roof secured against rain, and the same regard paid to the plumbing.

A REPROOF.

VISITOR FROM WAYBACK—"See here, pard! If I hed a double-bar'l'd flask, dumbed 'f I wouldn't shout."

O, COME OFF!



A comet gay
In the milky way
Frisked in play.
"Hello! hello!"
He starts with fear,
"What is this here?"
With a roar,
"You must be a stranger here, ma'am,
For I never have met you before."

With a wee
Voice says she,
"That may be.
I'm a new creation from Paris.
Every one calls me a perfect love.
I belong to a bonnet.
Below a short way
I passed the custom
House to-day.
My lady sits
Below at the play,
While I soar to heaven above.

JESSIE SHEPHERD.

OLD CHOCOLATE'S TARGET PRACTICE.

De bes' ob hosses now an' den needs de gad.

Yo' got toe wet yo' feet sometimes ef yo' cotch fish.

De maid offen lays her own pickin' toe a snoopin' cat.

De hog w'at opined dat he cud jump de ditch ez easy ez de houn' got stuck in de mud.

De tree-toad's singin' nebbah teases a soun' sleepah.

De headstrong chile, laik de runaway hoss, punishes hisse'f.

De drownin' man yells, wedder dar be anybody in sight er no.

De niggah w'at's 'fraid ob a dog's baak ain't fit toe eat chicken pie.

Ef ev'body knows w'en de blight am comin' nobody kin make money off'en de crop.

Good at guessin' an' big wo'ds ull make simple folk t'ink yo' is a weddah prophet.

A busybody dat gibs 'pini ns on oddah folks' 'sputes offen gits 'is own affairs mixed up.

De man w'at pays five dollahs fo' w'at ain't wuff on'y two an' a half, hab got de right toe gib twenty shill'ns wuff ob o'darin' roun' to de sellah.

J. A. WALDRON.

THE FASHION CHANGES.

"What a foolish girl Mamie was to jilt that nice young minister," gossipped Cora.

"I don't know so much about that," returned Jessie. I understand a base-ball player has just proposed to her."

"Gracious, how lucky that girl is!"

HE GOT THE COIN.

Beggar—"Give me a nickel, sir?"

Pedestrian—"Why, ain't you the fellow who had a tin card hanging on your breast yesterday saying you were blind?"

Beggar—"Er—yes; but I tried the faith cure last night."

Pedestrian—"That story is worth a nickel."

A WALKING DELEGATE.

"So you've got a horse and buggy, have you?" asked a friend of a prominent labor agitator.

"Yes; since I've been appointed a walking delegate I haven't done anything but ride about the city."

THEY DIDN'T INTIMIDATE THE FLIES.

OLD SOWERGROUT—"By dunder! I belief I vos scheated in dose vly screens. I vos hung dem in de most gonspicuous part of de room, but dose fly schoost gome in as bad as never."

WILLING TO HELP HIM.

A month after the wedding.

He—"Suppose, Clara, my income were suddenly cut off and I hadn't a loaf of bread to my name, would you then love me as you do now?"

She—"Certainly, Charles; and then who knows but what in rummaging about the house I might find a loaf or two. I'm sure I've seen some in the house."

FROM HOT TO COLD.

HIGGINS—"I notice that you and Brown do not speak any more. What's the matter?"

WIGGINS—"Well, you see, we had a very heated argument the other day which has caused a coolness between us."

A KNOWING WAITER.

In a restaurant.

A frightfully bald customer has just begun his dinner when he suddenly calls the waiter and points to a hair in the soup.

"Where did that come from?"

"It must be monsieur's."

The customer, evidently very much flattered, replies:

"No doubt, my good fellow, no doubt."

NOT IN PROPER FORM.

A visitor who was calling on her mamma said to Miss Floy, aged five:

"Your uncle Robin, whom I met just now, told me to be sure and kiss you for him."

"But where is the present?"

"What present?"

"Uncle Robin always gives me a present when he wants to kiss me."

Wait an' yo' kin eat ripe apples.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

DOWN at Coney Island, feeling soul expand,
With two tender maidens plumped upon the sand,
Watching in the heavens the ethereal blue;
Watching in the waters bathers J m and Sue.

Down at Coney Island, smitten at the heart.
With two hungry maidens dining *a la carte*,
Counting up the dollars as the fair regale,
Tended by a waiter in a swallow-tail.

Down at Coney Island, coming on to rain,
With two shrinking maidens rushing for a train,
With an empty wallet halting at the wicket,
Having change enough just to buy one ticket.

Down at Coney Island, pawning hunting case,
Wi h two wistful maidens looking in your face;
Mortified and wilted, soaked through speck and span,
Going down next summer with *another man*. C. L. BETTS

REMARK

By a native of a summer watering-place village.

"Oh, yes. We always have two prices—one for our own people, the other for strangers. Of course, the strangers' price is the highest. Native horse-hire is thirty per cent. lower than stranger's horse-hire. A native shave is ten cents, stranger's fifteen. We must make hay while the sun shines. The sun here shines about six weeks in summer. Besides, it costs a good deal to keep this village running. Last summer we spent four dollars and a half in repairing the town pump. We endure life here all winter just to keep the place alive for summer company. Were it not for the sake of the dear people who come here in the summer we'd move away—to the next town. Of course we should be paid for our trouble. How much for board a week? Fifteen dollars and two towels a week. We are glad to get five in the winter. That's the "lake" down there by the apple-tree. It has water enough to bathe in any time after a big rain. You can use the pig-trough for a boat. Mosquitoes? What are they? Never heard of them!"

CONSOLING.

Jones is relating at the club how he has just lost an uncle.

"There was one comfort, however; the poor old chap couldn't see himself die."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, he'd been blind for the last twenty years."

HIS PROFESSION KILLED HIM.

One good old soul dressed in black meets another good old soul at market, and is narrating her troubles:

"Yes, madame, my situation is indeed a sad one—left a widow at 48, the very prime of life."

"Sad indeed! And what might have been your husband's disease?"

"Well, he just dried up, as a body might say, all on account of his business, which compelled him to use too much saliva."

"Oh! he was a lawyer then?"

"No, a shoe-polisher."

PATERNAL AUTHORITY.

FATHER—"Sthop that noise!"
CHILD—"I ain't makin' any."
FATHER—"Well, be gobbs! make some thin—don't be sthanding quietly there making me out a liar!"

THEY ARE FOND OF SUCH MATTER

Omaha newspaper man—"Dash it all, that's too infernally bad!"

Friend—"What is?"

Omaha newspaper man—"That sensation I have just worked up. I find there is no truth in it, and all my time is consequently wasted."

Friend—"No, it isn't; you can send it to any Chicago newspaper."

VIRTUE NOT ITS OWN REWARD.

A young mother visits her nursery just after there has been a general distribution of presents.

One of the olive branches is rejoicing in a drum, another in a trumpet, and a third in a rattle.

"Boum, boum, boum: ta, ra, ta, ta; c-r-r-r-x-x-x!"

The poor little woman stops her ears, being nearly deafened by the noise.

"And to think that I bought these toys in order to have a little peace!"

BADENSCHNEIDER'S DILEMMA.

BADENSCHNEIDER—"Ohf you vant a ghlass ohf peer you mus I go dot family endrance in, young feller. I vos eat a wurst in dis doorway an hour ago, unt since den I vos stucgk fasdt."

SORRY FOR THE ROWERS.

Edith—"Did you enjoy the boat race?"

Ethel—"Yes; but I was so sorry for the poor fellows who rowed."

Edith—"Sorry? Why?"

Ethel—"Why, they didn't have any sleeves to their rowing costumes."

GETTING THE PRICE.

Bell boy (in hotel)—"Now then, if you want anything just touch this electric button."

Rural guest—"Is that an electric button?"

Bell boy—"Yes."

Rural guest—"How much are they a dozen?"

TOO AFFECTIONATE.

"They say the dog has a strong attachment for man," said the tramp, as he sadly pinned up the rent in his coat, "and if that bull-terrier had hung on to me a little longer he would have stripped me of my last rag."

A STAID AND SOLEMN DEACON.

Robert J. Burdette has been installed as deacon in a Baptist church. —*Current item.*

OOD Deacon Burdette,
You look solemn, but yet
An unsanctified twinkle still lurks in your eye;
You look solemn and staid,
But yet we're afraid
Could you get off alone you would joke on the sly.

Good Deacon Burdette,
Like a flint you must set
Your face in a staid, sanctimonious guise,
Or your old graceless way
Will crop out some day,
And you'll make the whole prayer-meeting laugh till it cries.

S. W. FOSS.

THE CAT AND THE IRON POT.

There was once a Cat who had a strong Pull with the Cook, and for this reason lived in the delusion that she was running the whole Kitchen.

An old Iron Pot which had incurred the ill-will of this Cat was peacefully resting on the floor after its morning labors, when the Cat approached and insolently demanded that the Pot should not sing on the Stove while Her Catship was taking her morning nap.

"I sing over my work because I like it," said the Pot, "and I shall not stop for such a lazy, selfish, yawning creature as you."

This so enraged the Cat that she lifted her paw and pulled the Pot over; but it was half filled with cold soup, and with a shriek of dismay the Cat fled to the melancholy solitudes of the Cellar, and has ever since been trying to clean herself up.

Don't attempt to injure anybody without first considering the consequences.

THE YOUNG IDEA.

"Where is heaven, ma?" inquired a little tot.

"It's a place where the people who die go to," was the rather unsatisfactory reply.

The little one thought a moment, and then said, "Was that heaven we passed last night coming home from the picnic—the place with all the gravestones in it?"

MAKING SURE.

"Will you let me see a pair of low shoes?" said a lady, entering a shoe store.

"Certainly, ma'am," returned the clerk, who was new at the business. "Do you refer to the height or the price?"

QUITE PLAUSIBLE.

"How is it that there are so many murder trials in the papers of late, my dear?" meekly inquired Mrs. Brown.

"I suppose," snapped out the old bear, "it is because so many people have been getting killed."

HARD TO CORNER.

"How was it, deacon, that you attended the race track the other day?" inquired a female member of the church.

"I went to see if racing really improved the breed of horses," replied the good man.

"But what took you in the place where the gambling was going on?" she cross-examined.

"I was merely inquisitive to find out," returned the deacon, "whether the new law really restricted betting."

A lazy man grunts mo' in beginnin' a job dan anoddah does in doin' hit.

FROM HIS VIEW.

TEACHER (*reading*)—"And it was an absolute fact that the hen laid six eggs a week on an average! Now, Tommy, tell me, what is an average?"
TOMMY (*with the utmost confidence*)—"Suthin to lay eggs on!"

CONCILIATING THE VOTERS.

"Sire," said Dan, "if any one should ask how many fish were caught what am I to say?"

"If he is a Republican," returned Grover, after a little reflection, "tell the truth; if a mugwump, you had better say a dozen; but if he is a Democrat, be sure and make it a hundred."

JUST HIS LUCK.

The fall of the Boulanger ministry caused endless disappointment in Paris. X was heart-broken.

"My friends were in power, and I made sure I should get something."

"And you didn't get anything?"

"*Parbleu*, no. Whenever it rained offices I always happened to have my umbrella up."

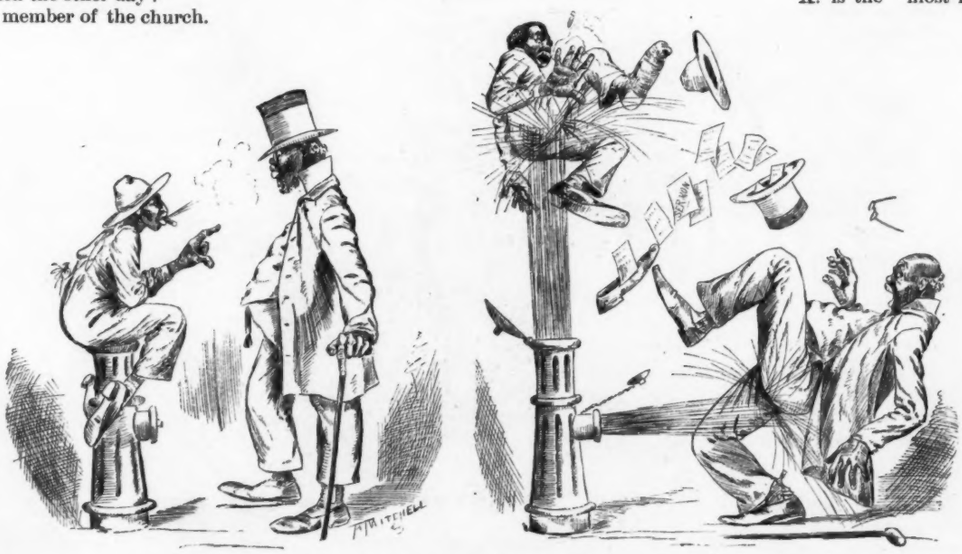
NOT QUITE SURE.

X. is the "most forgetfulest" man on record. He forgets his umbrella, his address, the time of day, and whose presence he is in. The other day he was accosted by one of his acquaintances whom he had not seen for a long time.

"Are you married, and have you any children?" asked his friend.

"Yes—that is, I believe so—five or six."

F'om a po' neighbor yo' kin borror easier dan yo' kin steal f'om a rich one.



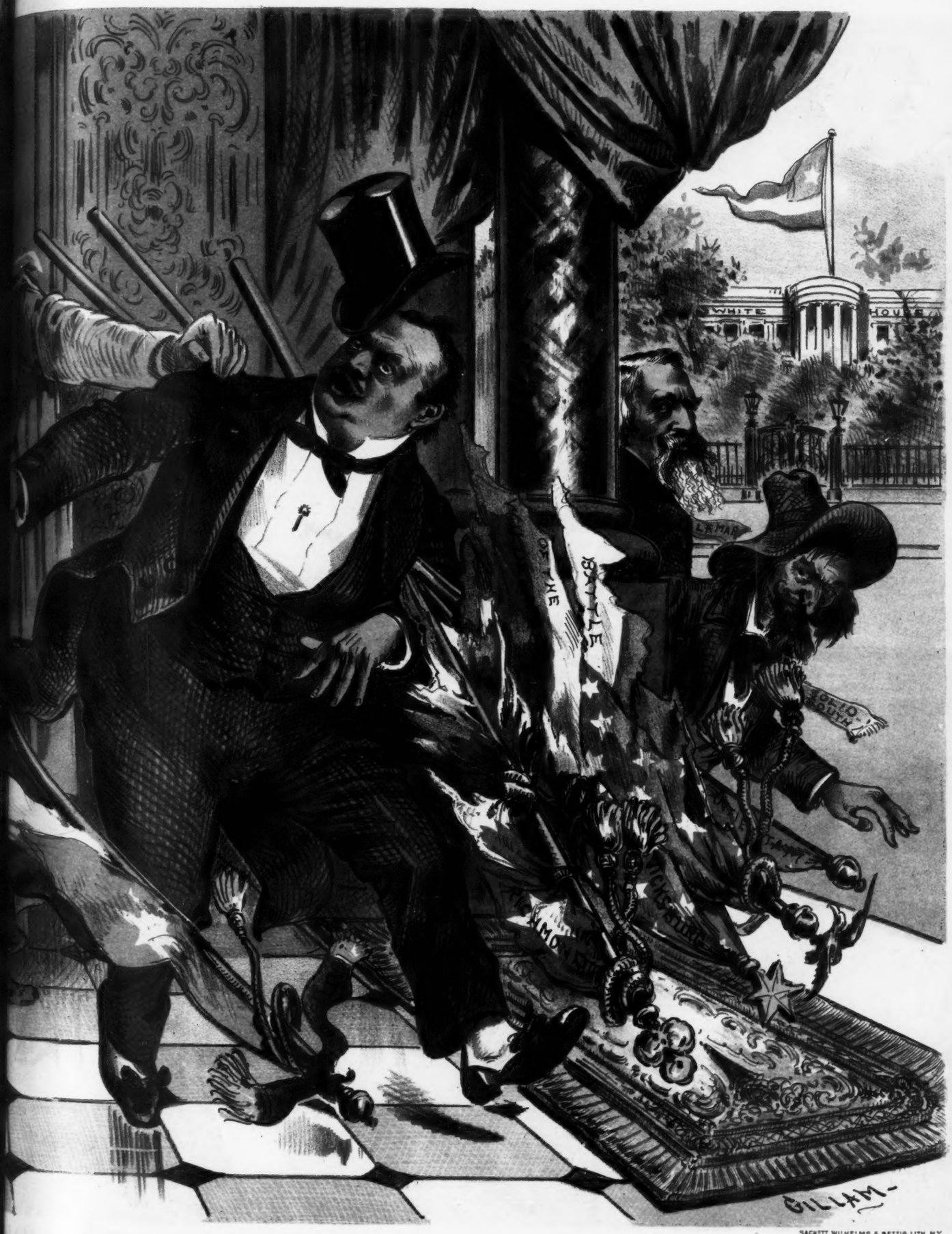
ROSE BEYOND HIS EXPECTATIONS.

YOUNG MAN ON HYDRANT—"You is right, dominie. De ambishun ob ebery young man ought to be to rise. Dat's mine, and yer can bet dat I'se g'wine to rise some ob dese days way above de common trash."

"Lor'! I'se risin' now fo' shuah!"

SPIRIT OF THE WAR FOR THE UNION.—"Had you *fought* for the

CLEVELAND.—"Great Scott! I thought you were dead and for



SACKETT, WILHELMS & BETZIG. LITH. N.Y.

you would not be so quick to give them away!"

g ago. I only meant to please Mr. Solid South. They're rubbish anyhow."

THE JUDGE'S CHARGE.

HOW TO BE SAFE.

IT is only the female wasp that stings; but we are not all scientists, and you had better strike out against the insect in general, it is so deuced hard to make out the difference.

IT IS A GREAT JOKE.

The courts are very funny. For instance, how strange it is to hear the modern jury satirically mentioned as "good men and true."

MERELY A MODERN INSTANCE.

A man in Georgia is living pleasantly with his eighth wife. But that was last week. He may be living with his ninth or tenth now. And then what is his courage in comparison with that of the man who is living with the wife of some other man?

A STARTLING PROPOSITION.

Miss Cleveland, in advising retaliation for expectoration on the part of men, proposes that women chew some saliva-producing substance and go about spitting themselves nearly to death. Miss Cleveland prides herself on being a practical woman, but it looks as if she had weakened her intellect by extreme dissipation in spruce gum.

HOW STRANGE THAT WAS!

The Ohio girl who lived three weeks without eating has much fortitude; but it is strange that she should have lost her mind because of the subsequent absence of her young man for only half that period.

REGARDING SOME HYPOCRISY.

There is a great deal of talk as to the foolishness of giving to beggars without previously ascertaining whether they are worthy of the benevolence. Now the truth is that men give not to help anybody or do any good thing, but merely to rid themselves of a bore, whose speedy absence is worth all the money it costs. Suppose, however, they should ascertain the character of the man who wants help? It would cost them a good deal of valuable time; it would interfere with their regular business or pleasure; it would fix upon them a responsibility they do not care to assume. But, then, they should not give at all? Dear sir with loose money in your pocket, how would you uphold your superior wisdom if a man who asked you for a dime died for the lack of it? But the beggar may use the money im pro per-

WITH generous hand a kindly heaven bestows

Beauty to woman, perfume to the rose;

Ruffle the rose, its sweetness grows in power—

Ruffle the woman, and the sweet turns sour.

G. B.

ly? So do you, dear sir, on frequent occasions—that is a part of the purpose of money; and, after all, what is it of your business what becomes of the money? You give it for proper value in securing release from unpleasant company, and when it is out of your hands you are no more responsible for its use than if you had never had it. Do not assume too much authority, you cautious man! and consider what a blessing it is to be relieved of the feeling of meanness that would inevitably attend the refusal of a nickel or a dime to some individual who certainly needs it, whether he be good or bad, more than you do.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE TYPE-WRITER.

MR. BRIEF (*whose wife has called unexpectedly*)—"Yes, we were sitting a trifle close together, but Miss Biggs had some very conflicting testimony to take down, and I thought we could get through it quicker if we arranged it as a duet."

IS SHE SUFFERING?

The present of £3,700 to the queen, by some Irish women, would seem to indicate a purpose to have a general collection.

SO GROVER SAYS.

The important information has been given out that Mrs. Cleveland wears number 5 shoes. But no matter. When she puts her foot down it gets there just the same.

WHY LIVE?

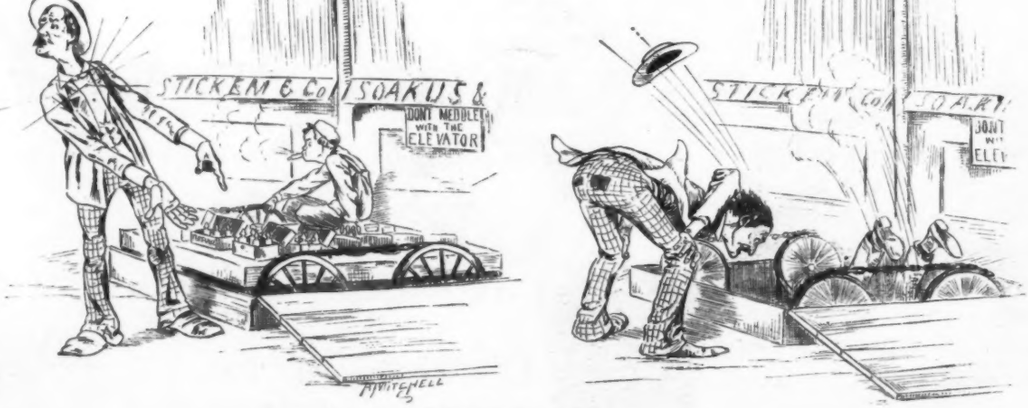
The newspaper of the future, according to Governor Hill, will print complete the speeches on both sides of the question under discussion. This makes it far easier to die, and the expiring man, in the excess of his admiration for the newspaper of the present, will have a copy of it buried with him.

THEY ARE VERY TRACTABLE.

A lady who has kept boarders tells of the most successful way to get along with them. "If they complain of anything," she says, "I fine 'em. If the complaint is repeated I repeat the fine. A third complaint results in a prompt discharge. It keeps them amiable, and the way they come up with their money every Monday morning is both remarkable and gratifying."

THEN NOT.

Faneuil hall is the cradle of liberty, unless indeed you take the liberty to be a Britisher.



A SUDDEN DROP IN STOCKS.

STREET MERCHANT IN EXCELLENT VOICE—"Now, ladies and gentlemen, don't throw away this fine opportunity of getting the best article at cost. I'll guarantee that my goods are the best and lowest in th"——

——— !!!!

The "Judge's" Second Prize Offering

IN BEHALF OF THE

Grant Monument Fund.

The examination of the competitive papers in the second prize contest, just closed, has so far progressed as to enable us to state definitely that a decision will be reached in time for publication in next week's JUDGE. That issue of the paper will contain a full list of the prize winners, and will also give, besides the names of the eleven men shown to be the most popular in the contest, a complete list of all the other persons balloted for, together with the aggregate number of votes received by each

New York, June 20.

PROF. RICHARD T. GREENER,
Secretary Grant Monument Association,

Dear Sir: Enclosed find check of the Judge Publishing Co. for $238.25, proceeds of the second prize contest instituted by JUDGE in behalf of the Grant monument fund.

Kindly acknowledge at your convenience, and oblige,

Very truly yours,
W. J. ARKELL, President.

Office of the Grant Monument Association
No. 146 Broadway.
New York, June 21st, 1887.

W. J. ARKELL, Esq., President,
THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge, in behalf of the Executive committee of the Grant Monument Association, your check for $238.25 proceeds of the second prize contest instituted by the JUDGE in behalf of our Monument Fund, received this day, and to say that, our committee direct me to present their acknowledgment for this second liberal contribution to the proposed National Memorial to the memory of General Grant at Riverside Park, received from your journal,

Very truly yours,
RICHARD T. GREENER, Secretary.

IT RHYMES WHERE IT GROWS.

Mr. J. H. Williams of Norristown complains that a southern poetess rhymes "corn" and "gone." Well, that's correct; that's a good rhyme where the poem was written and the author can't be responsible for the vagaries of pronunciation all over America. In the land of the cypress and myrtle, where they say "coan" and "goan," what is the matter with making them rhyme? Now in the empire of Arkansas if a poet should write,

"He asked you to give him a kiss, did he?"

it would trouble his New England collaborator to end the next line of the couplet with "yesterday;" but he of Arkansas goes calmly and correctly on with,

"No longer ago than jist yistiddy."

So, also, the poet daown in Varmaount can rhyme "loss" with "horse" and "calf" with "trough." Moreover, any poet in the republic outside of Pennsylvania, inditing an ode to a well known railway in that state, would make "reading" rhyme with "bleeding," but the people who live on the line of the road would use "bedding." (They do, too; the old-fashioned Pennsylvania Dutch kind, one feather bed to sleep on, and three to cover with.) You see the poet, dear Williams rhymes by ear and not by sight.—*Burdette.*

A COMMON-SENSE REMEDY.

In the matter of curatives what you want is something that will do its work while you continue to do yours—a remedy that will give you no inconvenience nor interfere with your business. Such a remedy is ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. These plasters are purely vegitable and absolutely harmless. They require no change of diet, and are not affected by wet or cold. Their action does not interfere with labor or business; you can toil and yet be cured while hard at work. They are so pure that the youngest, the oldest, the most delicate person of either sex can use them with great benefit.

CARL PRETZEL'S PHILOSOPHY.

Efery dog vas hafe his day times, and efery cat vas hafe her night out. Yoost der same like a kitchen machinist.

Der man und vomans vas one, vhen dhey got sphliced, but he hafe to buy dwo dickets vhen he goes on der circus mit her.

Polidical honesty vas der second-hand cousin of a religious hypocrit.

Der farmer mans, dot lets der weeds grow his farm yard ub, can raise a mortgage on 'em in a leedle vhile.

Der feller dot can vhittle a pooty goot character out of der rough chibs of efery day life, he vas ondidled to haf a goot abbetite on his tombshtone.

Der real dreasures of dis worldt vas so shmall det a feller could shtuff em all on der outside in of his heart.

It looks as if the president were being beaten over Drum's shoulders as well as over his own.

BRIEFS.

Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage. Shove that gold cuspidor this way.—*Jacob Sharp in Buffalo Express.*

Miss Mary A. Livermore says there are 127 occupations open to women. By and by the men won't have to work at all.—*Tid-Bits.*

Mrs. Noveau Richel—"Aw, yes, that's very pretty, but I don't like the title, 'Common prayer.' Haven't you—aw—any other kind? I don't care how much I have to pay."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Larry Donovan wants to jump from the 290-feet-high bridge at Clifton, Eng., but the police don't want him to do it. Donovan would make his twenty-first suicide from the bridge.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

To find out how old a lady is—ask some other lady.—*Dansville Breeze.*

It is better to rise with the lark than with the bent pin.—*Burlington Free Press.*

The scarcity of farm hands and the plentitude of tramps offers a nice question for study to the political economist.—*The Saratogian.*

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"Bring hither, bring hither my red bandbox;
Bring hither my bandbox green,
And my bandbox brown from London town
And my box of silvern sheen.

"And it's oh for my trunk of leather tough
And my trunk of oak-ribbed zinc;
And my trunk so tough, of canvas stuff,
That will bulge, but will not shrink.

"Oh, pile them high with the robes I wear,
Till their lids they overflow;
My lord he will stare, and eke he will swear.
But in they will have to go."

"Oh waly, waly, my ladye fair,
No whither and will ye flee?"
"To Mount Saint Bushallof-Worri Ancair
On Conyile—by-the-Sea."

They have seizen her boxes one and all,
In the tavern Lafitte de Kidd;
And loudly for help the porters call,
As they stack them up in entry and hall.
And pile them high against bulkhead and wall,
But wherever they stow them, great and small,
Far out of her reach they are slid.

Her room is a cell a fathom long,
Her bed is a thing of fears;
Where all night long the noiseless song
Of the wingless bird she hears.

And her lord he lies in a hallway lone,
On a sleep destroying cot,
Where she hears him groan in a wrathful tone,
"It's"—(Hush!) "It's'—('sh! Hush!)--"hot!"

And all this time in their home in town,
A mansion of cool gray stone,
There are peaceful glooms in seventeen rooms,
Where the burglar sleeps alone.

Robert J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

A Providence man astonished his friends one day last week by saying that he was considerably interested in flowers and intended that day to plant some Christian anthems." He meant chrysanthemums.—*Providence Journal.*

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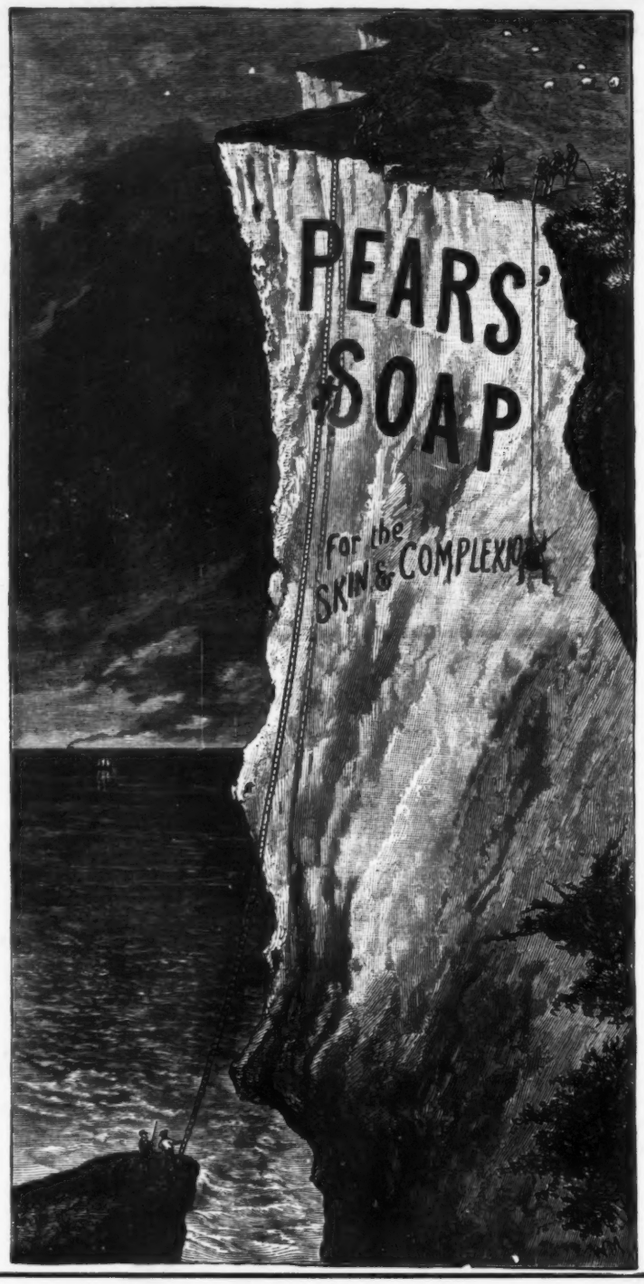

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DECISIONS HANDED UP.

The approach of the Fourth of July inspires the small boy with a belief that the Chinese cracker must go off.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Mary Hodges of Elton, England, who reached her 100th birthday recently, "drinks rum and is an inveterate smoker of tobacco." This paragraph should be suppressed before somebody undertakes to draw a lesson from it. It is believed that she wouldn't have been 50 years old to-day if she had smoked cigarettes instead of tobacco.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Father," asked Rollo, looking up from the new labor paper, the *Lounger at Rest*, "I see Mr. George Henry proposes to abolish poverty. How will he do that; by making us all rich?" "Oh, no, my son, by making us all poor." "How poor? As poor as old Lazarus, the beggar?" "N-no, not exactly; about as poor as Mr. George." "And how poor is he? As poor as his paper?" And the whole Rollo family rose and shouted in chorus, "Not by a long chalk!"—*Burdette.*

The gas-meter was invented in 1831, but lying was prevalent several years before that time.—*New York Mail.*

A large number of yachts are advertised for sale this season; but of course that's what yachts are built for.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Canada boasts a printer 103 years old. He remembers having seen a clean office towel when he was a boy.—*Burlington Free Press.*

If enterprise, progress, business-judgment, and mercantile honor are concentrated in any firm in the piano-manufacturing business, that firm is Sohmer & Co. Having commenced business but a decade of years ago, the name of Sohmer is to-day a household word in every city and town in the country where music is loved and cultivated. In fact, so well-established is the name of Sohmer that, in nine cases out of ten, unconsciously, as it were, it is followed in the mind by the word "piano."

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There is less originality in profanity than in anything else. It is as old as sin.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

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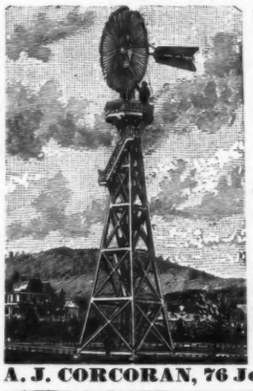

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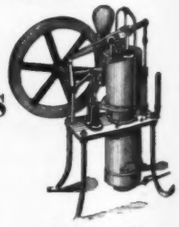

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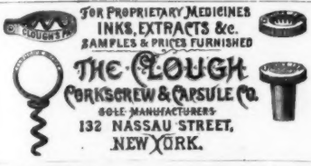

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SAM—"Dat's de curiosest t'ing yet? W'y sah! I's bin dah too.'

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